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THE OFFICE BOY GOT EVEN.

How a Revengeful Youth Fooled a Pretty Typewriter Out of Spite.

The office boy and the blond typewriter had quarreled. It was over a trivial matter, to be sure, but nevertheless they were on the outs.

Both seemed spitefully revengeful, and when one day the office boy played off sick and went to the baseball game the typewriter made known to the employer the youth's sporting proclivities. This as might be expected caused trouble, and the wrath of the office boy against the young lady with nimble fingers increased more and more. Days passed, and the lad planned and dreamed of schemes to "get back" at his fair tormentor, who stood so well in the graces of the employer. Now on every typewriter there is a small gong which rings when the end of the line is reached. The office boy knew this, and as he watched the prettily tapered fingers throw back the carriage at each tap of the bell he smiled with fiendish glee.

It was late in the afternoon. The young lady was industriously tapping the keys to finish the firm's correspondence. She had reached the last letter and remarked to the office boy that her best young man was going to take her to the theater that evening; hence her hurry. This only made the office boy smile all the more, for he knew that his time had come. His eyes seemed to say, "Revenge is sweet." The young lady slipped the sheet of paper into the machine and began at lightning speed to write from her notes.

The youth watched the carriage sliding to and fro. He took from his pocket a rusty nail, and as the typewriter wrote on unconsciously he tapped the bell lightly with the nail. The young lady, never thinking, pushed the paper up another line and went on. Again the boy tapped the bell, and again the young lady turned the machine. This was kept up until the maiden had written all there was to write.

A small figure had sneaked easily out of the door. The blond withdrew the sheet from the machine. She looked at it, and looked again and saw before her a letter written something after the fashion of the latter day stepladder poetry. Not a single line was properly written. The girl grew thoughtful. She seemed to remember that the bell had rung a trifle oftener than usual. She looked about the room, and then she remembered that the office boy had once upon a time gone to a baseball game and had remarked subsequently that he would get even.—Baltimore Herald.

An Anxious Mother.

Mrs. Bruton discovered recently that her son Reginald, aged 18, was smoking a vast number of cigarettes every day, and in speaking of the matter to Captain Soaker, a family friend, said:

"You know, captain, it isn't those harmless little paper things Reggie smokes that I fear. They are such insignificant trifles, but what I am afraid of is that the dear, unsuspicious boy will go on smoking them until he acquires the tobacco habit and takes to those great, horrid cigars and things."

"Banish your idle fears, my dear woman," replied the captain. "Science has as yet failed to discover any actual relation between the cigarette habit and the tobacco habit. As long as your son continues to smoke cigarettes he will never develop a craving for tobacco."

And Mrs. Bruton that evening, after exhibiting a beautiful silver cigarette case which she had just bought for dear "Reggie," remarked that Captain Soaker was such a sympathetic adviser on family affairs, and what a comfort it was to talk with him when one was in trouble!

Mud In Inland Rivers.

The late Mr. Rennie reported that 400,000 tons of mud were annually discharged into the Thames from the sewers of London, and the innumerable shoals between the Nore and the Downs amply prove that this calculation is not exaggerated. In days gone by, the mud dredged from the London docks was carried by barges to the Osier forelands on the banks of the sea, where a valuable frontage for building and other purposes was obtained. From the mud in its desiccated state bricks have been made in large quantities, which have been named Sir Robert Wigram's bricks, having first been made on his lands.—London Tit-Bits.

Leading an Army.

General Booth has nominated his daughter, La Marechale Booth-Clibborn, to succeed him in command of the Salvation Army. In so doing he passes over Lieutenant General Bramwell Booth, who might have been expected to succeed his father. The general gives his reasons very briefly. "Women are the best rulers," he says. "If you refer to the capacity shown on several occasions by Queen Victoria, you will agree with me that she acted while her advisers were seeking how to act. I am arranging that the work of saving human souls may go on after my death. All title deeds will be transferred to my daughter's name."

THE WIDDER MULLET.

Bill Swilvey Was In No Mood to Subscribe For a New Meeting House.

The man who stood at the shackley gate of a hewed log house on the banks of the Cumberland river, where the great pine mountains come down to drink, was the typical mountaineer, saffron hued, scrawny, ill fed and roughly clad, but with it all that innocent ignorance which bunko men delight in when they are looking for a victim.

"Good morning," I said as I pulled up my horse.

"How d'y," he replied.

"I'm looking for Bill Swilvey," I remarked as a feeler.

"You hain't got no furder to look, stranger," he said with a grin. "I'm him."

"Jake Parrish sent me up here to see if I couldn't get you to subscribe something toward the new meeting house at the mill."

"Good lordy, stranger," he exclaimed, "I'd like the best in the world ter, but I hain't got a hooter."

"Why, Jake said you owned this farm and were well off."

"Jake's foolin yer," he laughed. "I wuz workin for him at $1 a day till six months ago, when I married the Widder Mullet an come here ter live."

"Who was Mrs. Mullet?"

"She owned this place."

"Well, you're in luck," I laughed. "This place is worth something."

"That's what I thought when I hitched up with the widder," he said in a disappointed tone.

"And isn't it?" I queried.

"It would be ef it wuz free from encumberances."

"Oh, it's encumbered, is it?"

"Yes."

"Mortgage on it?"

"No."

"What kind of an encumbrance is on it?" I inquired with a deal of curiosity.

"The Widder Mullet ez wuz," he sighed, as the lady appeared at the front door and in a shrill voice wanted to know of Mr. Swilvey if that was a sewing machine agent down there.—Detroit Free Press.

A Trying Ordeal For a Pianist.

Not long ago I was in a room in which there was an eminent pianist. He played as, so far as I know, he alone can play one of Chopin's masterpieces—dowering his finger tips with the eloquence of many voices. Directly he had finished, the lady of the house went sailing up to him. "Thank you so much! You should hear my little girl—I do so want you to tell me what you think of her. For so small a child—not yet learned music two years—we think she's wonderful."

Before the astonished virtuoso, whose knowledge of English is not profound, could get a word in edgeways there was a small child about 9 years of age planted on the music stool with "Ye Banks and Braes," with variations, opened out in front of her.

In a self sufficient little nonenity, who had "not yet learned music two years," and who naturally had no music in her, the performance was excusable, and it would be too much to say that sudden death would have been its only adequate reward—but in the presence of that famed musician! I do not know what he suffered. I know what we felt.—All the Year Round.

Troubled With a Composite Vision.

"There is something peculiar about my eyes or the way I see objects that causes me a great deal of annoyance," said a gentleman yesterday. "I seem to see in a composite manner—that is, the effect is like a composite photograph. When I am going along the street, my eyes will perhaps receive the image of one man passing, and the next man I meet his image combines with the one I had previously seen and forms what I take to be the image of a friend. It occurs in this way, as far as I can reason: I pass a man having a mustache, and the next person I meet perhaps has nothing but a goatee. In this last man I do not see the man as he is, but I see a man with a mustache and goatee, and perhaps the combination of features makes the image appear like a friend. I speak to him only to find out my mistake."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Courage of Impudence.

There are many sorts of courage which both men and women would be better without, but unfortunately are not. There is the courage of impudence. It abounds today. It is all the fashion. If you want a thing and cannot get it in any other way, try impudence—that is a recipe which is constantly being given in the papers. Then there is the courage of ignorance.—All the Year Round.

Valuable Girdles.

One of King John's girdles was wrought with gold and adorned with gems, and that of the widow of Sir Thomas Hungerford, bequeathed in 1504 to the mother church of Worcester, was of green color, harnessed with silver and richly jeweled.—Chambers' Journal.

Purifying Water at Home.

If there is any question as to the purity of water, none of it should be used for drinking or cooking purposes unless it is first boiled. There are several other methods of purifying water, but boiling is the safest of all. When water is tainted by decaying vegetable matter, several methods are used to purify it. It may be boiled or filtered through charcoal or oak chips, or a little alum may be added. The addition of the astringent wood or the alum causes the albuminous matter in the water to coagulate and fall to the bottom, and the purified water can be poured off.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Not Scared.

Old Nick (roused from a nap)—Well, what's wrong now?

Imp—The good people down on earth are putting up model tenement houses in the slums.

Old Nick—I can go to sleep again, and don't you wake me unless you see them building separate dwellings for each family.—New York Weekly.

Sam's Liking For His Playmate.

Eight-year-old Sam spent a winter in Florida and was there limited to two little girls for playmates—the only children in the vicinity. Both were charming little maidens—one a plump, heavy little blond damsel, and the other a slim, thin, witchy little dark eyed elf.

It was soon apparent to the young man's mother that he exhibited a decided partiality for Ethel, the stout little playmate, always giving her the largest piece of cake, the lion's share of the caramels and the preference in all matters of play. So the mother remarked one day, with wise desire to equalize her son's attentions:

"Sam, you ought not to give Ethel more than you do Isabel. You should treat them just alike. Isabel is just as nice as Ethel."

It is easily imaginable that the small boy's mother was somewhat staggered when that discriminating youth answered gravely, "I like 'em fat."—New York Tribune.

Early Wedding Customs.

The enamored maiden should have learned long ere this time that to "change the name and not the letter is to change for the worst and not the better." Also that to marry and yet "to keep her own name is to keep her condition forever the same."

Getting down to the wedding itself, it is interesting to know that the word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon term "wed," which was the name of the security given by the bridegroom at the espousals. This "wed" was held by trustees, and the bridegroom further added such presents as he could afford, all of them to go to the bride, or in fact to revert to himself after he fulfilled his contract of marriage.—New York Sun.

The Pith of Renan's Belief.

Absolute rejection of the miraculous was the one point to which Renan held steadfastly from first to last. At the same time he considered that the great mass of mankind could only realize religion under a mythological form and that of all such forms popular Christianity was the best.—London Academy.